



Weary ANTHONY;  
O R T H E  
LOAing H U S B A N D  
A N D  
Scolding W I F E.

**W**AS there ever poor Man,  
So plagu'd with a Wife,  
As I poor Anthony am;  
I am weary my life,  
By having a Wife,  
I can't please her do all that I can.  
Six days in a week,  
For my Bread I do seek  
I'm always striving for to please her;  
Still she scolds and she brawls,  
And swears she will have all,  
And swears I'm bound to maintain her  
And when she goes to dinner,  
I think the Devil's in her,  
Neither roast nor bak'd, nor boil'd  
doth content her,  
And after she has din'd,  
She must have a glass of wine,  
For I never saw a woman that was  
I go to work in my rags, like her,  
And my old torn Jaggs, fine,  
To the park, ball, or play,  
To the Tavern night and day,  
with her Gallant to drink wine,  
She rides in her coach,  
To the Balls and the plays,  
where her Ladies and she do assemble  
And when she comes home,  
I fly out of the room, tremble,  
For she makes my poor Joints for to  
And when she is at supper,  
She keeps such a splutter,  
I scarcely can wait upon her:  
And when that she has done  
She throws to me a bone,  
And thinks to doe me a great honour  
Pray come old death,  
And stop her breath, power;  
That she may never have no more  
For with her scornfull eyes,  
She does me now surprise,  
And I wish it was the last hour.

